THE VISITOR.

A SOBER GUEST, WHOSE PHILANTHROPHIC VIEWS ARE TO INSTRUCT, OR HARMLESSLY AMUSE.

No. 1.] RICHMOND; SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1809. [VOL. I.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS ... CITY OF WASHINGTON

TERMS OF THE VISITOR.

To be neatly printed once a fortnight, on Saturday evening, in Demy Quarto, and delivered to Subscribers, residing in the City, in the same manner as the News-Papers.

Subscription *Two Dollars* per annum; One Dollar to be paid in advance, and the same sum at the end of every succeeding six months.

A handsome title-page, table of contents, and names of the Subscribers, will be furnished (gratis) at the completion of each volume.

THIS Work is intended to comprise various Extracts from the most eminent ancient and modern Authors, and, occasionally, as such may occur, a desirable Song, with the Music, together with many Original Pieces of merit; for the Proprietors have the honor and pleasure of acknowledging that some of the first Literary characters in this City, have obligingly offered them the aid of their talents.

Prospectus.

THE periodical publications which originate in Virginia, and circulate through its vast extent, are all of a political complexion; and, doubtless, in a republican country, such publications have a pre-eminent claim to the attention of the Citizen. In her web of causes and effects, Nature has closely interwoven political information and genuine liberty.—Heat and Light are not more intimately combined. Yet, even at this awful period, when national concerns of the highest importance justly call forth every energy of the mind, and every feeling of the heart, a few moments may be usefully devoted to the sublime strains of the Poet, the pure lessons of the Moralist, and the ingenious or deep researches of the Philosopher. Neither public, nor private duties entirely preclude the refined and innocent relaxation which we contemplate to offer. And what fortune is so humble, what path of life so rugged and desolate, as to shut every avenue against our modest *VISITOR?*

IT is not, however, without some apprehensions, that we embark on the treacherous sea of literary editorship. Around us lie, in sad ruin, the fragments of many who have preceded us in a similar attempt. The horizon, too, presents an aspect unusually lurid.—Still, confiding in the *Genius loci*, in that liberal spirit which characterises Virginia, we cherish a fond hope that the *VISITOR* will be happily wafted to the desired port.

To the object of our publication, political and religious disquisitions are entirely foreign; nor shall its pages ever be sullied with effusions of an indelicate or immoral tendency. Subjects of general utility, such as are calculated to excite and engage the best feelings of the human heart, will alone find admittance into its columns. Whatever may seem likely to sow dissention, or spread the flame of party prejudice, we pledge ourselves studiously to avoid; in short, to diffuse moral, literary, and scientific information, on the broadest principles, is our professed design. With these motives in view, we take the liberty of soliciting the public patronage, and assure our Correspondents that a prompt attention will be paid to every communication.

A Summary of Foreign and Domestic intelligence, including Marriages and an Obituary, will be inserted in each number, together with such remarkable events as may occasionally occur.

Literature and Science.

FOR THE VISITOR.

FRAGMENT OF A DISCOURSE ON THE STUDY OF LANGUAGES.

DIFFERENCE of languages considerably impedes universality of intercourse between nations. Physical barriers, such as immense seas, high mountains, &c. are not insuperable obstructions. The indefatigable industry and boundless curiosity of man every day conquer them. As to those moral and political fences with which national pride, national customs and prejudices, ignorance, barbarism, governments, and, sometimes, religion, surround the different people of the earth, we often see them torn down by interest, and other causes equally powerful. But all this were in vain, should the most pleasing, as well as the most important of natural intercourse, communication of thought, remain precluded. In effect, why should individuals of the human species converge to one point, if, by dissimilarity of language, they must there continue insulated from one another? Unless this obstacle be totally, or in some degree, removed, there can subsist between the various societies into which the great family of mankind is now divided, no harmony, no reciprocation of benefits, no communication of natural or acquired advantages, no diffusion of knowledge, no combination of efforts to promote the good of the whole species; in a word, nations remain with respect to each another in the same melancholy state in which individuals are represented to have been in those rude times when the social ties were yet unknown, when man was a stranger to man, his wants unaided, his pleasures solitary, his efforts languid, his advances slow, and those discoveries which mind or chance suggested to individuals, extinguished with their possessors, and lost to the rest of the species.

Let it not be said here that *natural language*, that is, the mode of expressing ourselves by the aid of gesture, and of certain simple sounds, which, owing to the conformation of man, bear to the internal affections which they represent a physical, necessary, and indefeasible analogy, and are, therefore, universally understood, would be adequate to the most essential purposes of such an intercourse. In the present refined and complicated state of human societies, in a state where the relations between man and man multiply themselves almost *in infinitum*, the sphere of that language is obviously too contracted, its effects too feeble, to produce the desired end.

These considerations sufficiently evince the utility resulting from the study of languages. To the navigator, to the merchant, but, especially, to him who would cultivate literature and science, this study is, indeed, indispensible. It is a key which opens to the latter the immense treasures accumulated from the earliest ages to this day by the learned of all nations. Without it, the invention of the art of printing which has multiplied those treasures, and in some measure, stamped them with the seal of immortality, loses half its advantages; no mass of knowledge can be consolidated and systematized; the chain of science cannot be formed: its links remain dispersed here and there, and each of them is the exclusive property of some particular nation. Hence the necessity, either of a common medium for the communication of thought, or of a general knowledge of languages.—Long after the revival of letters in the west of Europe, the Latin language continued to be employed as that common medium, at least, for scientific purposes. The works of the learned were most generally written and published in that idiom. The practice has gradually sunk into disuse. Modern languages have been sedulously enriched

and improved: writers now employ, each his vernacular tongue.---The use of the Latin language favours of pedantry: it is confined to the limits of some European universities, whence it never issues abroad, except, perhaps, in a few cases, for the credentials of ambassadors, diplomatic records, &c.*

Several attempts have been made to create a new medium of universal communication, the elements of which like the signs which constitute the language of algebra, should be generally understood; but those attempts have been unsuccessful, and the idea would apply only to written language. Perhaps,, however, the ingenuity of man may afterwards bring this *desideratum* into existence, and extend its application both to spoken and to written language. The celebrated Leibnitz among others, conceived the project of a philosophical language that should unite all nations: but this project was not carried into execution. For the common purposes of commercial intercourse, some nations have formed a kind of jargon, consisting of words derived from their respective languages. Such is the *lingua franca*, used in the ports of the Levant sea. It is obvious that such a medium, although it may answer the primary ends of commerce, must be extremely rude and imperfect.

To all this it may be objected that translations preclude the necessity of studying languages, at least, with respect to him who has in view neither commerce, nor travelling abroad. My answer is that the very existence of translations presupposes somewhere the study of languages---that the best translations are necessarily defective & inferior to the original works---a truth, which chiefly applies to poetical compositions, the translation of which can seldom claim a higher merit than that of being paltry copies of excellent originals.† Indeed, the nature of things will have it so. What artist ever boasted of his capicity to transfuse into his copies the inimitable beauties which the European world admires in the paintings of a Raphael, a Titian, a Michael Angelo, a Rubens, &c.? Thou, too, enchanting Venus of Medici, art at once the admiration and despair of modern imitators! Difficulties still greater attend the translator. Even if he should possess the same genius as the author whom he translates, that genius is shackled and, in some degree, neutralized by the servility of his task. Too happy if, though the peculiar graces of coloring, and the native felicity of stile inherent to original composition, cannot be equalled by him, similarity of thought, and sentiment is, at least preserved, and if the translated author does not lose vigor and proportion of body as well as richness and elegance of dress! Translations, besides, only embrace a small portion of the literary and scientific treasures to which I have alluded. They seldom evince the trouble of a judicious selection, and whilst we are deluged with numberless translations of novels, and other frivolous productions, too often calculated to vitiate our taste, womanize our spirit, and corrupt our morals, the immortal works of sages, the master-pieces of genius, the lucubrations of philosophical research, all equally precious to science, to virtue, and to humanity, are, perhaps, shamefully neglected, because they would not so readily answer the imperious wants of famelic translators, and the sordid views of the interested printers, who sway their mercenary pen!

The study of languages will remove all those inconveniences. Philanthrophy, too, strongly advocates that study---At a period when the mass of errors is every where decreasing, no moral *leprosy* can be apprehended from foreign intercourse and to universal communication of thought it belongs to complete the work of progressive wisdom, and spreading humanity---*Men will no longer hate, when they will understand each other.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

---

* *It is foreign to my object to enquire here, whether the dead languages ought to be studied or not? The question has been treated by several able pens. My private opinion is that the study of Greek and Latin ought by no means to be considered as a primary object in education; but that those languages ought not to be entirely neglected. Their aid is too necessary to literature and science. A portion of that age when the young mind is not yet ripe for higher studies may be very usefully devoted to the acquisition of those languages. I might enumerate the advantages attending this acquisition. I prefer a reference to Godwin's* Examiner, *where those advantages are presented in a clear and forcible point of view. For my part, I have, under circumstances the most distressing, derived so much solace and pleasure from reading the ancients in the originals, that my judgment may well be suspected of partiality.*

† *To evince the truth of this observation, it is sufficient to compare some of the best translations in verse with the original poems. Read, for example, Dryden's Virgil, and those passages from Shakespear which Voltaire has translated. The Swan of* Mantua, *and the Bard of* Avon, *no doubt, would look with disgust on those wretched daubings after the divine productions of their creative and brilliant pencil. Popes' translation of Homer, notwithstanding the celebrity which it enjoys, appears to me little better. In short, I deem it impossible to* translate *a poet, and absurd to ...tempt it.*

Account of the Fall of the Rosenberg Mountain, in September, 1806: By the Rev. Mr. Buckminster, of Boston, but then residing in Switzerland.

If you have a large map of Switzerland I beg you to look for a spot in the canton of Schweitz, situated between the lakes of Zug and Lowertz on two sides, and the mountains of Rosenberg and Rosi on the others. Here but three weeks ago, was one of the most delightful fertile valleys of all Switzerland; green and luxuriant, adorned with several little villages full of secure and happy farmers. Now, three of these villages are for ever effaced from the earth, and a broad waste of ruins, burying alive 1400 peasants, overspreads the valley of Lowertz.

About five o'clock in the evening of the 3d of September, a large projection of the mountain of Rosenberg on the northeast gave way, and precipitated itself into this valley: in less than four minutes it completely overwhelmed the three villages of Goldau, Busingen, and Rathlen, with a part of Lowertz and Oberart. The torrent of earth and stones was far more rapid than that of lava, and its effects as irresistible and as terrible. The mountain in its descent carried trees, rocks, houses, every thing before it: the mass spread in every direction, so as to bury completely a space of charming country more than three miles square! the force of the earth must have been prodigious, since it not only spread over the hollow of the valley, but even ascended far up the opposite side of the Rigi: the quantity of earth, too is enormous, since it has left a considerable hill in what was before the centre of the vale. A portion of the falling mass rolled into the lake of Lowertz, and it is calculated that a fifth part is filled up. On a minute map you will see two little islands marked in this lake, which have been admired for their picturesqueness. One of them is famous for the residence of two hermits, and the other for the remains of an ancient chateau, once belonging to the house of Hapsberg. So large a body of water was raised and pushed forward by the falling of such a mass into the lake, that the two islands, and the whole village of Seven, at the northern extremity, were for a time completely submerged by the passing of the swell. A large house in this village was lifted off its foundations, and carried half a mile beyond its place.---The hermits were absent on a visit to the abbey of Einsidein.

The disastrous consequences of this event extend further than the loss of such a number of inhabitants in a canton of little population:---a fertile plain is at once converted into a barren tract of rocks and calcareous earth, and the former marks and boundaries of property are obliterated. The main road from Art to Schweitz is completely filled up, so that another must be opened, with great labor, over the Rigi. The former channel of a large stream is choaked up, and its course altered; and as the outlets and passage of large bodies of water must be affected by the filling up of such a portion of the lake, the neighboring villages are still trembling with apprehension of some remote consequences, against which they know not how to provide. Several hundred men have been employed in opening passages for the stagnant waters, in forming a new road for foot passengers along the Rigi, and in exploring the ruins. The different cantons have contributed to the relief of the suffering canton of Schweitz, and every head is at work to contrive means to prevent further disasters.

The number of inhabitants buried alive under the ruin of this mountain is scarcely less than 1500. Of these, a woman and two children have been found alive, after having been several days under ground. They affirm, that while they were thus entombed they heard the cries of poor creatures who were perishing around them for want of that succour which they were so fortunate as to receive. Indeed, it is the opinion of many well informed people that a large number might still be recovered: and a writer in the *Publiciste* of Paris goes so far as to blame the inactivity of the neighboring inhabitants, and quotes many well-attested facts to prove that persons have lived a long time buried under snow and earth. This at least is probable in the present case, that many houses, exposed to lighter weight than others, may have been merely a little crushed; while the lower story, which in this part of Switzerland is frequently of stone, may have remained firm, and thus not a few of the inhabitants escaped unhurt. The consternation into which the neighboring towns of Art and Schweitz were thrown,

appears, indeed, to have left them incapable of contriving and executing thoſe labors which an enlightened compaſſion would dictate.

The mountain of Roſenberg, as well as the Rigi and other mountains in its vicinity, are compoſed of a kind of brittle calcareous earth and pudding-ſtone or aggragated rocks. Such a prodigious maſs as that which fell, would eaſily crumble by its own weight, and ſpread over a wide ſurface: the bed of the mountain from which the deſolation came, is a plane inclined from north to ſouth. Its appearance as it is now laid bare would lead one to ſuppoſe that the maſs, when firſt moved from baſe, ſlid for ſome diſtance before it precipitated itſelf into the valley:---the height of the Spitſberg (the name of the projection which fell) above the lake and valley of Lowertz was little leſs than 2000 feet:---the compoſition of the chain of the Rigi, of which the Roſenberg makes a part, has always been an obſtacle in the way of thoſe ſyſtem-makers who have built their hypotheſes upon the ſtructure of the Alps. It has nothing of granite in its whole maſs; and, though nearly 6000 feet above the ſea, is green, and even fertile, to its ſummit. It is compoſed of nothing but earth and ſtone, combined in rude maſſes. It is alſo remarkable that the ſtrata of which it is compoſed are diſtinctly inlined from the north to the ſouth; a character which is common to all rocks of this kind through the whole range of Alps, as well as to the greater part of calcareous ſchiſtous, and pyritous rocks, and alſo to the whole chain of the Jura.

It was about a week after the fall of the mountain that our route through Switzerland led us to viſit this ſcene of deſolation; and never can I forget the ſucceſſion of melancholy views which preſented themſelves to our curioſity. In our way to it we landed at Art, a town ſituated at the ſouthern extremity of the lake of Zug; and we ſkirted along the eaſtern boundary of the ruins, by the ſide of Mount Rigi, towards the lake of Lowertz. From various points on our paſſage we had complete views of ſuch a ſcene of deſtruction as no words can adequately deſcribe.

Picture to yourſelf a rude and mingled maſs of earth and ſtones, briſtled with the ſhattered part of wooden cottages, and with thouſands of heavy trees torn up by the roots, and projecting in every direction. In one part you might ſee a range of peaſant's huts which the torrent of earth had reached with force enough to overthrow and tear in pieces, but without bringing ſoil to cover them. In another were mills broken in pieces by huge rocks ſeparated from the top of the mountain, which were even carried high up the oppoſite ſide of the Rigi. Large pools of water were formed in different parts of the ruins, and many little ſtreams, whoſe uſual channels had been filled up, were burſting out in various places. Birds of prey, attracted by the ſmell of dead bodies, were hovering all over the valley. But the general impreſſion made upon us by the ſight of ſuch an extent of deſolation, connected too, with the idea that hundreds of wretched creatures were at that moment alive buried under a maſs of earth, and inacceſſible to the cries and labors of their friends, was too horrible to be deſcribed or underſtood. As we travelled along the borders of this chaos of ruined buildings, a poor peaſant, bearing a countenance ghaſtly with woe, came up to us to beg a piece of money. He had three children buried under the ruins of a cottage, which he was endeavoring to clear away. A little further on we came to an elevated ſpot which overlooked the whole ſcene. Here we found a painter ſeated on a rock, and buſy in ſketching its horrors. He had choſen a moſt favorable point. Before him, at the diſtance of more than a league, roſe the Roſenberg, from whoſe bare ſide had ruſhed the deſtroyer of all this life and beauty. On his right was the lake of Lowertz, partly filled with the earth of the mountain. On the banks of this lake was all that remained of the town of Lowertz. Its church was demoliſhed, but the tower yet ſtood and the ruins, ſhattered but not thrown down:---the figures which animated this part of the drawing were a few miſerable peaſants, left to grope among the wrecks of their village:---the fore ground of the picture was a wide deſolate ſweep of earth and ſtones, relieved by the ſhattered roof of a neighboring cottage. On the left hand ſpread the blue and tranquil ſurface of the lake of Zug, on the margin of which yet ſtands the pleaſant village of Art, almoſt in contact with the ruins, and trembling even in its preſervation.

We proceeded, in our deſcent, along the ſide of the Rigi, toward the half buried village of Lowertz. Here we we ſaw the poor curate, who is ſaid to have been a ſpectator of the fall of the mountain.---He ſaw the torrent of earth ruſhing toward his village, overwhelming his people, and ſtopping juſt before his door. What a ſituation! He appeared, as we paſſed, to be ſuperintending the labors of ſome of the ſurvivors who were exploring the ruins of the place. A number of new made graves, marked with a plain pine croſs, ſhewed where a few of the wretched victims of this cataſtrophe had juſt been interred.

Our courſe lay along the borders of the enchanting lake of Lowertz: appearance of the ſlopes on the eaſtern and ſouthern ſides told us what the valley of Goldau was a few days ſince; ſmiling with varied vegetation, gay with villages and cottages, and bright with promiſes of autumnal plenty:---the ſhores of this lake were covered with ruins of hurs, with furniture and clothes, which the vaſt ſwell of its waters had lodged on the banks. As we were walking mournfully along toward Schweitz, we met with the dead body of a woman which had been juſt found. It was ſtretched out on a board, and barely covered with a white cloth. Two men, preceded by a prieſt, were carrying it to a more decent burial. We hoped that this ſight would have concluded the horrors of this day's ſcenery, and that we ſhould ſoon eſcape from every painful veſtige of the calamity of Schweitz. But we continued to find relics of ruined buildings for a league along the whole extent of lake; and a little beyond the two iſlands mentioned above, we ſaw lying on the ſhore the ſtiff body of a peaſant which had been waſhed up by the waves, and which two men were examining, to aſcertain the place to which he belonged. Our guide inſtantly knew it to be the body of one of the inhabitants of Goldau. But I will mention no more particulars. Some, perhaps, that have been related to me are not credible, and others which are credible, too painful.

The immediate cauſe of this calamitous event is not yet ſufficiently aſcertained, and probably never will be. The fall of parts of hills is not uncommon, and in Switzerland eſpecially there are ſeveral inſtances recorded of the deſcent of large maſſes of earth and ſtone. But ſo ſudden and extenſive a ruin as this, was, perhaps, never produced by the fall of a mountain. It can be compared only to the deſtruction occaſioned by the tremendous eruptions of Ætna and Veſuvius. Many perſons ſuppoſe that the long and copious rains which they have lately had in this part of Switzerland may have ſwelled the fountains in the Roſenberg ſufficiently to puſh this part of the mountain off its inclined baſe. But we ſaw no marks of ſtreams iſſuing from any part of the bed which is laid bare. Perhaps the conſiſtency of the earth in the interior of the mountain was ſo much altered by the moiſture which penetrated into it, that the projection of the Spitsberg was no longer held by a ſufficiently ſtrong cohesion, and its own weight carried it over. Perhaps, as the earth is calcareous, a kind of fermentation took place ſufficient to looſen its foundations. But there is no end to conjectures. The mountain has fallen, and the villages are no more.

If we had not been detained at Straſburg waiting for paſſports for ten days, we ſhould have been in Switzerland on the 3d of September, probably in the vicinity of the lake of Lowertz; perhaps under the ruins of Goldau. Several travellers, or rather ſtrangers, have been deſtroyed; but whether they were there on buſineſs or for pleaſure, I know not. Among them are ſeveral reſpectable inhabitants of Berne; and a young lady of fine accompliſhments and amiable character, whoſe loſs is much lamented.

FOR THE VISITOR.

MENGOTTI.

Della liberta di Commercio dei prodotti della terra.

EVERY reader of hiſtory is acquainted with the commercial and economical ſyſtem planned and carried into execution by the celebrated *Colbert*. The ſplendor of his name, and the fugitive brilliancy of his operations dazzled the vulgar of *economiſts*, and fundamental errors infected the theory and practice of ſeveral European adminiſtrators, with reſpect to commerce, manufactures, and agriculture:--the cares, the vigilance, the diſtinctions, the favors of governments were all beſtowed on the manufactures and the arts, whilſt agriculture was clogged by a thouſand abſurd and tyrannical reſtraints:---the man whoſe labor produced commodities eſſentially neceſſary was, in ſome meaſure, rendered tributary to the artificer and the merchant, who miniſtered only to the ſecondary comforts or luxuries of life. Commerce, in the full and true extent of the word, embraces the agriculturiſt who originally *produces* its materials, and the purchaſer who ultimately *conſumes* them; theſe two extreme terms conſtitute, its moſt eſſential parts; its contingent and acceſſory parts, or intermediate terms, are the manufacturer, the carrier, the wholeſale merchant, the retailer, &c. Obvious as this truth is, it ſeems to have eſcaped Colbert and his adherents, who conſidered as the agents of commerce, none but the manufacturer and the merchant, and thought it both politic and advantage-

ous to a ſtate to favor them at the expence of the agriculturiſt.—The ſyſtem, of which this error makes part, has been denominated *Colbertiſme*, *il Colbertiſmo*, *Colbertiſm*, by the French, the Italians, and the Engliſh.

The *Reale Societa Economica Fiorentina*, deſirous to explode a miſtake ſo fatal, and to ſhake to its foundation a ſyſtem ſupported by the deluſive authority of a great name, propoſed for the prize of 1792, the following queſtion:

"Whether, in a ſtate ſuſceptible of an increaſe of population, and having a territory capable of producing certain commodities, it be a more advantageous mode of promoting that increaſe of population, to favor manufactures, by particular reſtraints laid on the commerce of raw materials, or to allow that commerce an entire and perfect liberty?"

MENGOTTI undertook to ſolve the important problem, and the above mentioned ſociety crowned his diſſertation on the 13th of June, 1792. He has ſince reviſed the piece, and made ſome valuable additions. Such is briefly the ſubject on which I preſume to offer the following remarks.

THE principles which directed the miniſterial operations of the celebrated Colbert are pretty generally known. A wiſh to gratify the oſtentatious temper of the monarch, whoſe finances he ſuperintended, the neceſſity of ſupplying the continual drain of expenſive wars, and, perhaps, the fallacy of his own judgment, led him to adopt a policy productive of advantages brilliant, indeed, but illuſory and fugitive. By him the arts ſubſervient to luxury, the more ſumptuous manufactures, and the concomitant operations of internal and foreign commerce, were conſidered as the chief ſources of national proſperity, and, as ſuch, encouraged at the expence of agriculture and general induſtry, and, conſequently, to the detriment of population.

Error is always miſchievous, always fatal; it is doubly ſo when, in matters thus cloſely connected with the welfare of the human ſpecies, it happens to be, in ſome meaſure, conſecrated by the authority of a great name. It then delivers oracular dictates which preclude even the approach of argument; it wields a deſpotic ſceptre which truth can break only by long and repeated efforts.

The production of Mengotti is one of thoſe efforts, and, in my opinion, a ſucceſsful and victorious one. It conſpicuouſly diſplays the triumph of reaſon over ſophiſtry, of fact over hypotheſis. It is a very intereſting piece on a very intereſting ſubject.

The oppoſers of *Colbertiſm*, thoſe, who, like Mengotti, have conſidered agriculture as the primary ſource of national wealth, have often been ſtyled the enemies of commerce. Surely, no idea ever betrayed an equal degree of abſurdity. In effect, when we come to reſolve commerce into its conſtituent parts, we find its baſe, its eſſence, in the agriculturiſt whoſe labors produce its materials, and in the conſumer who ultimately employs thoſe materials, more or leſs altered from their primitive ſimplicity: the manufacturer, the carrier, the wholeſale merchant, the retailer, &c. are only intermediate and ſecondary agents: to ſay, then, that he who would not lay any ſhackles on production and conſumption, the ſource and the end of commerce, militates againſt its proſperity, implies a palpable contradiction:—they rather are the enemies of commerce, who would render what is eſſential in it ſubſervient to what is merely factitious and acceſſory.

To the ſhame of mankind, univerſal freedom of commerce will probably remain for ages the dream of ſpeculative philantrophiſts. An inſuperable obſtacle ſeems to oppoſe the eſtabliſhment of a ſyſtem evidently pregnant with conſequences of a beneficial nature: this obſtacle is the almoſt demonſtrable impoſſibility that all commercial nations ſhould unanimouſly and ſimultaneouſly concur in the adoption of thoſe liberal principles upon which alone ſuch a ſyſtem can reſt. Without that reciprocity of advantages which ſuch a previous accord would enſure, no nation can, in juſtice and with ſafety to itſelf, give an example which might never be imitated, and, of courſe, muſt prove fatal to its real intereſts. In the preſent ſtate of the civilized world, no government could prudently venture on the policy of Louis XII. of France, whoſe noble pride it was to have recorded in the archives of his treaſury, the three following remarkable circumſtances:

Mutua facta regi——————*nihil.*
Impoſitio foranea——————*nihil.*
Emolumenta portuam——————*nihil.*
Borrowed by his Majeſty——0.
Taxes on commerce——0.
Revenue from ſea-ports——0.

No government, would with a tranquil eye ſee the two laſt items applied to its exchequer.

Uſeful truths, ſound principles, cannot be too often, too forcibly inculcated. Every avenue of the public mind ought to be fortified againſt the contingent irruptions of error:—the veriatility of human opinions is a trite ſubject of complaint: when, therefore, ſome beneficial doctrine has been eſtabliſhed by a ſolid train of reaſoning, & confirmed by the infallible teſt of experience, it is well that it ſhould be zealouſly diſſeminated, and carefully preſerved. Under this impreſſion, I ardently wiſh that Mengotti may be introduced among us in the American garb: it might be placed on the ſhelves of our economiſts by the ſide of Adam Smith, Say, &c.

AGRICOLA.

FOR THE VISITOR.

CHRONOLOGICAL GLEANINGS.

ANCIENT Chronology, both ſacred and prophane, has long been, and, indeed, is ſtill an intricate and obſcure chaos. Yet, the following principle may ſerve to remove the clouds ſpread over remote times.

"Ancient nations have uſed, for the purpoſe of meaſuring time, different intervals, different revolutions, which have all been called years."

(See Bailly's hiſtoire de l'aſtronomie ancienne.
Eclairciſſements aſtronomiques.
§ XI. page 265, &c. &c. 4to edit.)

The teſtimonies of Plutarch, Pliny, Suidas, Diodorus, Eudoxus, &c. &c. prove there have been years of 1, 2, 3, 4, and 6 months, particularly among the Egyptians:—the periodical revolution of the moon muſt have been firſt known, and alſo employed as a year. Vitruvius* and Macrobius † prove this, when they aſſign to the revolution of the moon 28 days in round numbers. The Chaldeans certainly reckoned days as years, as we ſhall preſently prove it, and ſo did the ancient Egyptians, which clearly appears by the following paſſage, "*Huic (Mercurio) ſucceſſit in regno Vulcanus, dieſque mille ſexcentos octoginta hoc eſt, annos 4, menſes 7, dies 3, regnavit; neſciebant enim tum Ægyptii annos definire, ſed unius diei ſpatium annum appellabant.*" ‡ Some tribes among the Indians ſtill reckon one night as a year. ‖ Nay, it appears that there have been nations who have never known our artificial day, compoſed of one day and one night, and who have divided this interval into 2 revolutions, that of the day, and that of the night.—See in *Diog. Laert. C.* 1, § 91, the riddle of Cleobulus, giving to each month 60 daughters of a different form, &c. This idea alludes obviouſly to the practice here mentioned. The day itſelf was divided into 4 parts, and the night into 4 watches: a clear proof that the day was expreſsly diſtinguiſhed from the night. Hence ſome people are found to have computed two revolutions or years, or even eight of theſe, for a day of 24 hours, according as they conſidered it as divided into two or into eight intervals. The Eaſt Indians have, in this reſpect, gone farther than any other people: among them the day ſeems to have had a great number of ſubdiviſions; they have calculated the number of theſe ſubdiviſions, contained in the known number of years ſince a certain and fixed epoch, and afterwards they have given the reſult of their calculation as that of the years of their exiſtence. This had its origin in national pride and vanity, and in a deſire of appearing a very ancient people. When nations ſpeak indefinitely of an infinite number of millions of years, you eaſily perceive falſhood; but when the people of India tell you that from the *deluge* to the *hegira* 720,634,442,715 days have elapſed, you are led to ſuſpect that theſe muſt be fractions of days, taken for entire days, either through miſtake or through vanity.

Let us inveſtigate according to this principle, the Chronology of ſome of the moſt ancient nations, at firſt from the Creation to the deluge.

BABYLONIANS.—According to Beroſus, more than 120 *ſari*, if we will credit the Babylonian antiquities, had elapſed before the *flood*. We are told by him that each of this *ſari* amounted to 360 years, which would make in all 432000 years. But it appears that the word *ſaros*, was, like the word *year*, a generic word, ſignifying a revolution. Now Beroſus did not know what revolution was there implied. Suidas ſays that the *ſaros* conſiſted of 222 lunar months, ſo that the 120 *ſari* of the Babylonians ſhould, in that caſe, amount to 2156 years, (Solar,) which is not very different from the time ſtated by the Septuagint, to

* *Architt. lib.* ix, *p.* 4
† *Somnium Scipionis, lib.* i, *c.* 19.
‡ *Chron. Alex. p.* 105.
‖ *Laffiteau Mœurs des Sauvages.*

have elapsed between the Creation and the deluge, viz: 2242 years. This approximation becomes still greater, when we consider that the *saros*, mentioned by Suidas was propably used for *civil* purposes, and that there was another, consisting of 223 lunations,* used by astronomers only; so that we would have 120 lunar months to add to the 2156 years just mentioned; which would render that period still more like the time mentioned by the version of the Septuagint.

EGYPTIANS.—We are told that the ancient Egyptian Chronicle reckons 36,525 years, viz:

30,000 years, for the reign of the Sun.
3984 —— for that of the 12 Great Gods.
217 —— for that of the 8 Demi Gods.
2324 —— for the rest of the time until Nectabenus.

36,525 years.

The 30,000 years of the Sun's reign probably belong to times extremely remote, of which nothing but a confused idea remained.

Now, supposing these years to be periodical lunar revolutions, we find that these 30,000 years form precisely 2245 years, (solar) which constitutes another singular synchronism.

* *This is the opinion of the learned Freret.*

(*To be continued.*)

Of all the various kinds of superstition which have in any age influenced the human mind, none appear to have operated with so much effect as what has been termed the Gothic. Even in the present polished period of society, there are thousands yet alive to all the horors of witchcraft, to all the solemn and terrible graces of the appalling spectre. It is remote however from every wish of the author of the following tale, to encourage any superstition that may render his fellow creatures alive to unnecessary and puerile terror; but it is here only as furnishing fit materials for poetic composition. *Drake.*

HENRY FITZOWEN.

A TALE.

But when he reach'h his castle gate,
His gate was hung with black.—*Percy.*

IN the north of England, towards the commencement of the reign of Edward the Fourth, lived Henry Fitzowen. He had lost his parents early in life, and had been educated with an only sister under the care of his guardian. Henry was the heir of considerable property which had been under his sole management for near four years, having arrived at that period of life when the character of the man fully unfolds itself, when at five and twenty he had gratified the wishes, and fulfilled the predictions of his friends. Possessed of an active and liberal mind, of a tender and grateful heart, he was equally an object of love and esteem to his companions and tenants; and combined, likewise, the energies of youth, its vigor and vivacity with, what were rare attainments in that age of anarchy and ignorance, the elegant accomplishments of the scholar and the poet. In his person he was rather athletic, yet was it gracefully formed, and had much of that chivalric air so highly prized at that time when warfare and civil discord still raged throughout the island. When rushing to the field, no hero in the army of the youthful Edward burnt with superior ardour, or managed his horse and arms with equal ease and spirit; when seated amid the circle of his peaceful friends, none could rival his powers of intellect and sweetness of manner,—the courtesy of his demeanor to the men, the gallantry of his attentions to the fair.

With his sister, who superintended the economy of his household, and a few friends, he spent the major part of the year at his paternal castle in Yorkshire, a piece of fine old gothic architecture, and seated in the bosom of a romantic glen. Here, in his great hall, hung round with the arms and trophies of his ancestors, and presiding at his ancient, oaken, & hospitable table, he delighted to accumulate his neighbors, & view the smile of satisfaction and pleasure play amid the charms of innocence and beauty, or gladden the features of industrious dependence. Here, also, on a visit to his sister, and usually accompanied by her mother, would frequently appear Adeline De Montfort. Adeline was the only daughter of an officer of great worth and bravery, and who fell contending for the Yorkists at the dreadful battle of Towton. Dying, however, in embarrassed circumstances, his widow was unable to support the establishment they had hitherto maintained, and therefore took a small but elegant house on the skirts of the forest adjoining to the Fitzowen estate. A short time sufficed to produced an intimacy between the two families, and from similarity of disposition and pursuits, Adeline & Clara Fitzowen soon became almost inseparable companions. The daughter of Montfort was in her twentieth year, and had been gifted by nature with more than common charms, her person was elegantly formed, her eyes blue as the sky of summer, her hair of a nut brown, and her cheeks

"The roses white and red resembled well,
Whereon the hoary May-dew sprinkled lies,
When the fair morn first bloweth from her cell,
And breatheth balm from opened Paradise."

The most unaffected modesty, too, and a disposition peculiarly sweet, united to the graces of a mind polished by unusual taste, rendered her personal beauties doubly interesting; and there were few of the opposite sex who, having once witnessed her attractions, did not sigh to appropriate them:—that Henry, therefore, who had such frequent opportunities of conversing with this amiable girl, should admire and love her, was an event to be expected; indeed, such was his affection for her, that, deprived of his beloved Adeline, existence would have lost all its allurement.

To love thus ardent and sincere, and professed by a youth of the most winning manners and superior accomplishments, no woman could long be insensible, and in the bosom of Adeline glowed the sweet emotions of reciprocal passion. Amid the wild and picturesque beauties of Ruydvellin, where the vast solitude and repose of nature, or the luxuriant and softened features of the secluded landscape, awoke the mind to awful or to tender feelings, the sensations of mutual attachment were for some time cherished undisturbed, and an union that would, probably, fix for life the felicity of the lovers, had been projected and determined upon; when an incident, accompanied with circumstances of the most singular kind, threw a bar in the way of its completion.

At the distance of about twelve miles from the castle of Ruydvellin, resided Walleran Earl of Meulant, a nobleman of Norman descent, and of great hauteur and family pride. He had reached the age of forty, was unmarried, and though, from motives of estenation, supporting a considerable and even splendid establishment, his disposition was gloomy and unsocial. In his person he was gigantic and disproportioned, and his features betrayed a stern and unrelenting severity, whilst from his eyes usually darted so wild and malignant an expression, that the object on which they fell, involuntarily shrank from their notice.—His habits of life too were such as to excite much wonder and very horrid reports; he constantly inhabited one turret of his extensive castle, where, all night long, for many years, the glare of torches had been visible, yet his servants declared that, notwithstanding this perpetual illumination, his agitation and terror were, frequently, as the twilight closed, so dreadful, that they fled his presence, and often at midnight from his chamber, in which he always locked himself up and forbade interruption, half stifled groans and wailing sounds were heard, as from a person under torture. At stated periods he visited a forest of very antique oak, which stood about a mile from the castle: such was the massy size of these trees that they were generally esteemed coeval with the druidic times, and the gloom of their foilage was so dense and impenetrable, that the country people feared to approach the wood, and believed it to be haunted by preternatural beings; for often at the dread-noon of night, shrill and demoniacal shrieks, and appearances of the most ghastly and tremendous kind, had terrified the belated traveller, and once, it is said, when one of the servants of Walleran, from motives of curiosity, had traced the footsteps of his master to this enchanted forest, he dared to enter its infernal shade, and since that hour no eye has witnessed his return.

Though Walleran was thus an object of dread and awful surmise to all around him, yet, from being possessed of very large property, and having numerous relations whose interest it was to pay him every respect, his castle was occasionally filled with the first ranks of society, who were banqueted in a sumptuous manner, and amused with the most splendid diversions of the age, such as tournaments, mysteries, the chase, &c. On these occasions the neighboring families were invited to the castle, and Henry Fitzowen, with his sister and Adeline, usually graced the festival. Henry was one of the most expert and elegant tilters in the school of chivalry; and when Adeline's champion, and, according to etiquette, by her conducted into the lists, he performed prodigies of valour, and unhorsed almost every opponent. Adeline had then to bestow the envied prize on the object of her affections, and in these moments her features were lighted up with peculiar animation, and her form displayed the most facinating allurements. None beheld her without emotion; but in the breast of Walleran burnt the most intense desire, and, accustomed to overcome every opposition in his amours by open force, or insidious stratagem, he had long determined, and without the smallest

ſcruple or compunction, to get poſſeſſion of the perſon Adeline, for in her heart, ſuch was the brutality of his appetite, he had neither wiſh nor hope to find a place. Indeed, he was well acquainted with the connection, and had heard of the approaching union between her and Henry, and the latter, on this account, became an object of the moſt malignant hatred. Frequently had he meditated on the means of conveying her from her own villa, or the caſtle of Ruydvellin, and one attempt through the medium of his ſervants the vigilance of Henry had already rendered abortive, who ſuſpected, though he could not prove, for the villains were diſguiſed, the machinations of his infamous and too potent neighbor.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Humorous.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

It lately occurrred, but where and on what occaſion is not recollected, that a Lawyer who was pleading, happened to be ſituated between two gentlemen of the name of Taylor; and wiſhing to be witty, remarked, at the cloſe of his ſpeech, that having two *Tailors* on his ſide, he could not fail to obtain his *ſuit*—Whereupon his opponent in the cauſe was polite enough to congratulate him, but, at the ſame time, obſerved that the ſupporters of whom he boaſted, muſt be miſerably poor for it was evident they had only one *Gooſe* between them.

POLICE OF LONDON.

Guildhall, Friday, October 7.

A muſical inſtrument maker, of Cornhill, named ASTOR, was charged with no leſs than four different aſſaults upon two men, named Griffiths and Keeſe, and both their wives, on the preceding night, in Long Lane, Smithfield. It appeared, that the defendant was marching in *quick time* through the Lane, about 8 o'clock on Thurſday night; and on paſſing the houſes of the complainants, thought fit to amuſe himſelf by playing a *ſonata* on their window ſhutter with a pretty full grown black thorn bludgeon he carried. This rude ſerenade brought out Mr. Griffiths, who is a retailer of ham and beef, and who demand the reaſon of the noiſe. Mr. Aſtor ſaid he had a right to make a noiſe if he pleaſed, and that the complainant had no right to interfere. But Mr. Griffiths, who is a *Cambro Briton*, waxed *hot* at his reply, began to *harp* on his conduct, and rejoined, that if the defendant did ſo again, he would knock him down *flat*. The defendant, whoſe temper was in *alt* upon this threat, immediately flouriſhing his inſtrument, began to beat a *tattoo* on the *drum head* of Mr. Griffiths. His wife alarmed at the ſcuffle, ran out *con amore* in a briſk movement, and ſcreaming *forte* demanded in a *ſemi demi quaver*, for what he ſtruck her huſband? to which the defendant only anſwered by *beating time* with the ſame inſtrument on the head of the good lady:—this *inharmonious* concert ſoon attracted a very numerous auditory; and Mr. Keeſe, the baker, feeling himſelf called upon to play his part in the *piece*, came up in aid of his neighbor, Mr. Griffiths; but was ſo powerfully *ſtruck* by the performance of Mr. Aſtor, that he moved by a ſudden *cadence* to the kennel, upon his back. His wife, too, came forward *affetuoſo*, and immediately flew, *con ſpirito*, at the aſſailant of her huſband; but received ſuch a *craſh* on her head from his inſtrument, as brought the blood ſtreaming about her ears. A reputable neighbor interfered, at much riſk from the *ſtaccato* touches of Mr. Aſtor's bludgeon, and with the aid of the watch ſecured and conveyed him to the compter.

Mr. Aſtor contended, in his defence, that he had received the firſt aſſault.

The magiſtrate, however, after giving the defendant a pretty ſevere *recitativa* for his outrageous conduct, told him to withdraw with the parties forthwith, and make them ſatisfactory amendment, or elſe find bail for his appearance to take his trial. Mr. Aſtor accordingly withdrew, and after compenſating the defendant to *ſome tune*, received *penſeroſo*, reſolved to *da capo* no more the like paſſages, and keep his temper more in *piano* for the future.

A Sailor went to ſee a jugler exhibit his tricks: there happened to be a quantity of gunpowder in the apartment underneath, which took fire and blew up the houſe:—the ſailor was thrown into a garden behind, where he fell without being hurt—He ſtretched his arms and legs, got up, ſhook himſelf, rubbed his eyes, and then cried,—conceiving what had happend to be only a part of the performance, and perfectly willing to go through the whole,—"D—the fellow, I wonder what the devil he'll do next?"

Summary of Intelligence.

Europe.—Accounts from Spain, ſtate, that the Central Government have decreed that each viceroyality, of which there are five in South-America, ſhall ſend two Deputies to the General Government.

By the laſt advices from Europe, no deciſive action appears to have lately taken place between the French and the Patriots. The Engliſh army under Gen. Blake have been attacked and forced to retreat with conſiderable loſs. The affairs of Spain appear to be verging faſt to a momentous and awful criſis. Bonaparte has pledged himſelf to the French nation that he will conquer Spain and eſtabliſh his brother Joſeph on the throne of Madrid, and has accordingly made every preparation to penetrate her at different points. On the other hand, the Spaniards continue making every exertion to repel them.——Three hundred thouſand troops are ſaid to have marched to the frontiers.—The greateſt enthuſiaſm appears ſtill to pervade all the armies of Spain. What may not be expected from a nation of patriots; excited by the moſt glorious principles of action, and fighting in defence of every thing they hold dear—their lawful ſovereign, their religion, their injured country, their lives and their property. Dreadful indeed appears to be the preſent ſtate of the civilized world, when nations are let looſe upon each other, poſſeſſed of all their preſent refinement, but quite unreſtrained by civil government, or by moral rectitude.

The Prince of Peace it appears has entered into the views of Bonaparte in the ſubjugation of Spain and the acquiſition of Spaniſh-America.

Nothing of moment appears to have lately occurred in the other nations of Europe.

England and France it ſeems, have not yet relaxed in the rigor of their unjuſt orders and edicts againſt the neutral rights of other powers, and their flagrant infractions of the law of nations.

The King of England has iſſued a proclamation for the convening of Parliament on the 16th ultimo.

Weſt Indies.—In November, Gen. Ferrand, the brave defender of the City of St. Domingo, fell in an action with ſome Spaniſh inſurgents, and has been ſucceeded by Gen. Barquier.

The two contending chiefs of the iſland of St. Domingo, Generals Chriſtophe and Petion, appear to be carrying on a very inactive war at preſent.

We learn that the French iſland of Martinique has been lately captured by the Engliſh.

South America.—Prince Regent of Portugal has officially informed Mr. Hill, the American Conſul at St. Salvador, that the veſſels of the United States will be treated in the ports of the Brazils as thoſe of the moſt favored nation.

Domeſtic.—On the 9th ult. a law paſſed both Houſes of Congreſs, for more effectually enforcing the embargo laws: the moſt prominent feature of which is, that every coaſting veſſel clearing out for a port of another ſtate, is obliged to give bond and ſecurity to the amount of ſix times the value of the veſſel and cargo.

On the 24th ult. His Excellency Levi Lincoln, Lt. Governor of Maſſachuſetts, delivered a very impreſſive ſpeech to both branches of the Legiſlature—in which he endeavored to inſpire them with an ardent love for their injured and inſulted country, and aſked their concurrence in, and aid of thoſe meaſures entered into, for redreſs, by the general government. He boaſted of the known patriotiſm of the people of Maſſachuſetts, and denied the reports in circulation, that the great maſs of its citizens are inimical to the federal government, or with a diſmemberment of the union.

On the 31ſt ult. the Legiſlature of Virginia paſſed a law to ſtop the progreſs of Executions;—this law took effect from the time of its paſſage, and is to continue in force till the riſing of the next General Aſſembly.

On the 3d inſtant, a vote was taken in the Houſe of Repreſentatives of the United States, in committee of the whole, to repeal the ſeveral embargo laws on the 4th of March next—the votes were two to one in favor of the repeal:—The Houſe have ſince been buſily engaged in deviſing meaſures to be purſued after raiſing the embargo, conſiſtent with the honor and ſafety of the nation.

EPIGRAM.

None without hope e'er lov'd the brighteſt fair,
But love can hope where reaſon would deſpair.

Poetry.

Original Poetry.

TO MARY.

Why the azure above ſhould we ſcan,
For cauſe to admire and to praiſe?
Or why ſhould we nature's vaſt plan,
Look on with ſuch wond'ring amaze?

Since if Heaven's blue concave we view,
Or to earth's mighty fabric, deſcend,
We ſee nothing ſo lovely as you,
No motive ſo ſtrong to commend.

For of wonder 'tis ſurely no cauſe,
That he who could give thee ſuch eyes,
Could make, by the ſame magic laws,
The gems that beſpangle the ſkies.

He that on thy cheeks could beſtow
The ſoft mellow tints of the roſe,
Might certainly give the bright glow,
That bluſhing appears on the roſe.

The ſkill that thy fair boſom dreſt
With the white ſnowy ſoftneſs it bears,
Might give to the Cygnet its breast,
Or the lily, the mantle it wears.

No berry ſo rich ever grew,
As the color that reddens thy lip;
No zephyrs ſo ſweet ever blew,
As thy breath that ſo balmy they ſip.

Why then ſhould we wonder to ſee,
Aught elſe that by nature's achiev'd;
Since all ſhe has made beſide thee,
May in thee be more lovely perceiv'd.

G.

TO LAURINA.

[*The writer of the following verſes will be puzzled to account for their appearance in the Viſitor. We may ſurpriſe him more hereafter.*]

Ah! wherefore, Laurina, thus ſcornful and cold,
Wilt thou frown on the hope that enlivens my breast?
Is that hope too preſumptuous, thy lover too bold?
Oh! ſmile and again ſhall his heart be at reſt.

Erewhile was all Nature array'd in full bloom,
And ſummer, bedeck'd with her roſes, the green;
But now the chill blaſt, and the comfortleſs gloom,
Envelop in horror the deſolate ſcene.

'Tis thus with the lover devoted to thee,
Who fondly would woo thee, enraptur'd would wed;
Erewhile was he jocund, and carol'd with glee,
But you frown—and alas! the illuſion has fled.

And wherefore that frown; can'ſt thou blame the fond youth,
Who, in ſeeking to win thee, has ſought to be bleſt?
Thou art not a ſtranger to love and to truth;
Then ſmile, and again ſhall his heart be at reſt.

CARLOS.

Selected Poetry.

THE LADY'S CHOICE.

If e'er I quit the ſingle ſtate,
Be this the model of my mate;
Let virtue in his breaſt reſide,
And honour all his actions guide;
In learning and in ſenſe compleat,
Plain in his dreſs but plainly neat;
And, to crown all, O may I prove
The only woman he can love.

A WISH.

I've often wiſh'd to have a friend,
With whom my choiſeſt hours to ſpend,
To whom I ſafely might impart
Each wiſh and weakneſs of my heart:
Who might in every ſorrow chear,
And mingle with my griefs a tear;
For whom alone I 'd wiſh to be,
And who would only live for me;
And, to ſecure my bliſs for life,
I'd wiſh that friend to be---a wife.

MADRIGAL.

The heart that warm'd my guileleſs breaſt
Some wanton hand had thence convey'd,
But Love who ſaw his bard diſtreſs'd,
In pity thus the thief betray'd—
"'Tis ſhe who owns the faireſt mien
"And ſweeteſt eyes that e'er were ſeen!"

And ſure if Love be in the right,
(And was Love ever in the wrong?)
To thee, my firſt and ſole delight,
That ſimple heart muſt now belong—
—Becauſe thou haſt the faireſt mien
And ſweeteſt eyes that e'er were ſeen! *Camoens.*

MARRIAGES,

MARRIED, in the vicinity of Baltimore, *William E. Burwell*, Eſq. a Repreſentative in Congreſs from the State of Virginia, to *Miſs Letitia M'Creery*.

—— On Thursday evening the 19th inſt. *Mr. William Proſſer* of this city, to the very agreeable *Mrs. Letitia Ring*, of Tuckomon, King William county.

—— Same evening by the Rev'd John D. Blair, *Mr. Robert Pollard, Jun.* of King William, to the truly amiable and much admired *Miſs Eveline Chamberlayne*, of Henrico.

DEATHS.

DIED—In Woodſtock on Saturday morning the 7th ult. *Col. Wm. H. Dulaney*, for many years an inhabitant and practiſing phyſician of that place.

—— On Friday the 30th of December, 1808, *Mr. John Harris* of Hanover, in the 54th year of his age.

—— On Tueſday evening the 24th ult. *Mrs. Mary Saunders* the amiable conſort of Col. Robert H. Saunders of Goochland.

—— On Wedneſday the 8th inſt. *Mrs. M'Lane*, of this city.

THE VISITOR

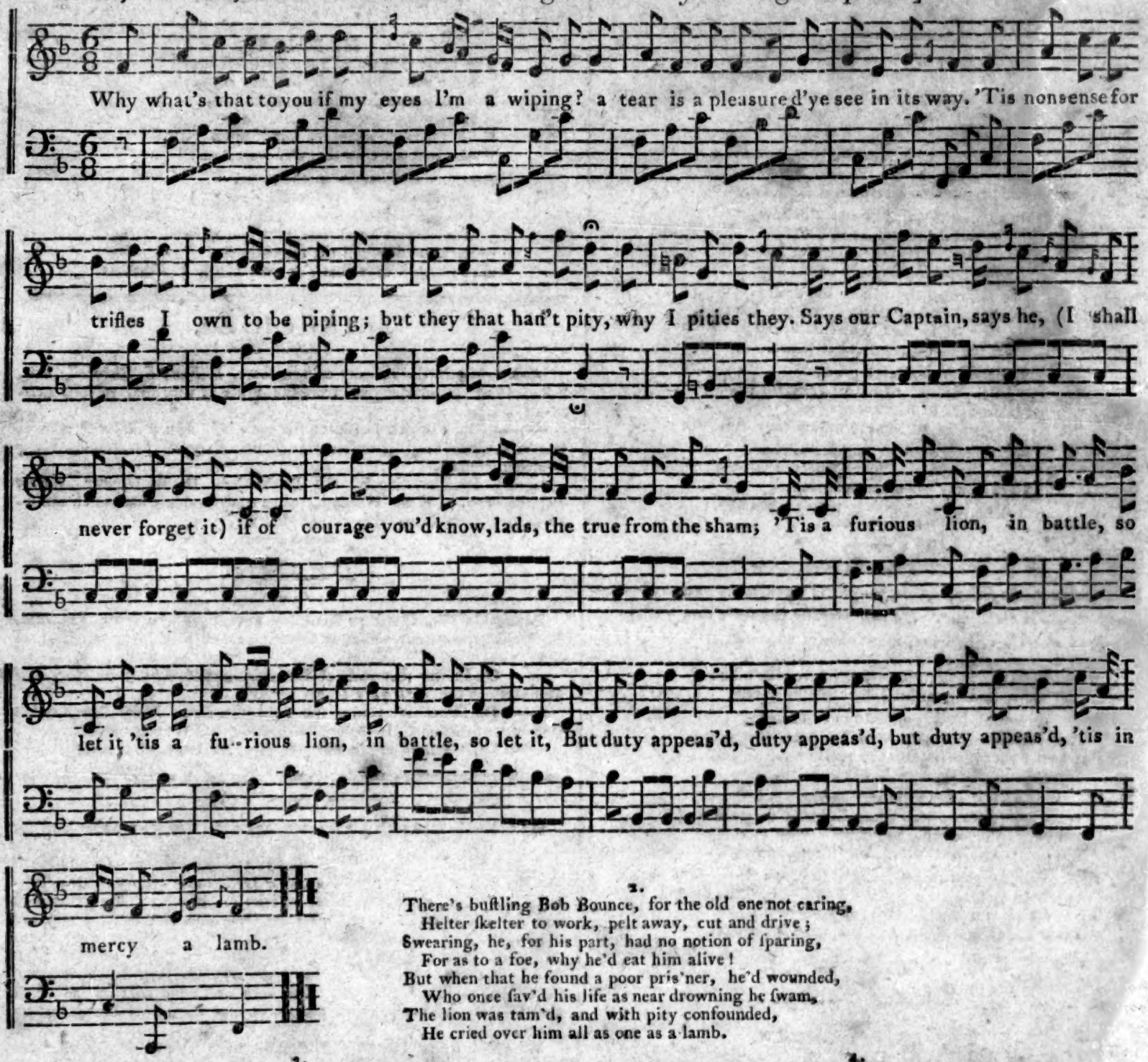
HAS already met with great encouragement, and we are thankful for it; but, preſuming there are in this City and neighborhood, many well-wiſhers to ſuch an object, who are yet ignorant of our undertaking, we intend ſhortly *to call upon the inhabitants thereof* with a ſubſcription-paper; and, therefore, we take the liberty of iſſuing our firſt number very generally, that Ladies and Gentlmen may be fully appriſed of our plan; for, being ſo, we humbly hope they will exercise their accuſtomed liberality, and indulge us with a favorable anſwer. But this is not meant to preclude any Lady or Gentleman from calling at the Office, at Harris's corner, before the next publication, to leave their names, for every condeſcenſion of that kind will be gratefully acknowledged.

We think it our duty to add, that the paper, on which a few of our numbers will be printed, is not ſo good as our patrons had a right to expect; but, in this ſeaſon of political and natural impediments to navigation,, it is the beſt we could procure, and, therefore, we hope they will excuſe it.

PRINTED BY LYNCH & SOUTHGATE,
CORNER OF HARRIS'S BUILDING.

TRUE COURAGE.

[*THE sentiments contained in the following song, from the pen of the elder, and it may be said, inimitable DIBDIN, are at once so congenial to the highly and justly appreciated character of a true-bred sailor, and so touching to the human heart, that all who have heard it sung, in our presence, have wished to possess it. We therefore, give this impression to THE VISITOR, which, we trust, will thence derive a more general and flattering reception.*]



2.

There's buſtling Bob Bounce, for the old one not caring,
Helter ſkelter to work, pelt away, cut and drive;
Swearing, he, for his part, had no notion of ſparing,
For as to a foe, why he'd eat him alive!
But when that he found a poor priſ'ner, he'd wounded,
Who once ſav'd his life as near drowning he ſwam,
The lion was tam'd, and with pity confounded,
He cried over him all as one as a lamb.

3.

That my friend Dick, or Tom, I would reſcue from danger,
Or lay my life down for each lad in the meſs,
Is nothing at all; 'tis the poor wounded ſtranger,
And the poorer the more I ſhould ſuccour diſtreſs.
For, however their duty bold Tars may delight in,
And peril defy as a bug-bear, or ſham,
The lion may feel ſurly pleaſure in fighting,
Put feel more, by compaſſion, when turn'd to a lamb.

4.

The heart and the eyes, you ſee, keep the ſame motion,
For tho' both ſhed their drops, 'tis all to the ſame end;
And thus 'tis that ev'ry tight lad of the ocean,
Sheds his blood for his country, his tears for his friend.
If my maxim's diſeas'd, 'tis diſeaſe I ſhall die on;
You may ſnigger, and titter, I don't care a damn!
In me let the foe feel the paw of a lion;
But, the battle once ended---the heart of a lamb.